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**ACPL ITEM
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BAKER'S NOVELTY PLAYS

In Old Virginny

Price, 25 Cents



WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY
BOSTON

NEW PLAYS AND BOOKS

Season 1925

ONE ROOM, PLUS By Elizabeth Calder & Walter Ben Hare

A dramatic comedy in three acts. Three males and three females. Scenery a single easy interior. Plays a full evening. This laughable play blends youthful spirits and intense modernity with the kindly wisdom of the previous generation. Frank Carmichael is trying to provide Julia, a pleasure loving wife, with city life and freedom from household care. Their home is a collection of mechanical conveniences, assembled in a combined living, dining, and sleeping room, plus bath and kitchenette. Into this "ONE ROOM, PLUS" of Fred and Julia, "Dad" Carmichael is warmly welcomed for a visit. He immediately makes himself at home finding the top of the bath tub a convenient place to sleep. John Carmichael, Fred's elder brother, and his wife, call on "Dad" and criticise Julia's extravagant tastes and aspirations and their influence on Fred. They flaunt their economies and exhibit, in contrast to "ONE ROOM, PLUS," a real home of their own in the suburbs. "Dad's" kindly philosophy, whimsical wisdom, and ability to see both sides, brings about an unexpected harmony. Before he leaves "ONE ROOM, PLUS," the recently antagonistic young people have to some degree, the aspect of a mutual admiration party. The six characters have equally prominent parts. That of "Dad" Carmichael with its shafts of homely wit will become classic.

This is a play from the production of which actors and audiences alike will derive keen enjoyment. Especially recommended to Little Theatres and schools. During the third act the characters enact their own story as it would appear in the movies. In submitting the manuscript of this play to a member of the faculty of one of our representative schools, the reply came back: "This is the best naturalistic play that I have read for many a day. The play reading committee of our school simply went wild over it and I hope that you will allow us to give the premier performance in this part of the country." Royalty \$10.00. Price, 50 cents.

JON

By Dorothy O. Savage

This is one of the strongest and most touching short plays written in recent years. Laid in a fisherman's cottage on the bleak and stormy Scottish coast, it has in its very fibre a touch of the stress of the storm-tossed and wind-swept land. The types are fisher folk, primitive and vivid, and its tragic story marches relentlessly to its inevitable ending with that simplicity and truthfulness which marks real drama and real literature. Few plays of the day will be found more impressive by that public which wishes to find the theatre what a well-known critic has called "an adult art." Three males, three females. Time of playing, about forty minutes. Royalty, each performance, \$5.00. Manuscript only 50 cents per copy.

BAKER'S PLAYS, BOSTON, MASS.

In Old Virginny

An Old Plantation Novelty

By

ARTHUR LEROY KASER

Author of "Vaudeville Doubles," "Vaudeville Turns," "Vod-Vil Monologues and Sketches," "What Street," "Eight Snappy Vaudeville Monologues," and "Five Vaudeville Monologues"

NOTE

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WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY, 41 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.



BOSTON

WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY

Publishers

In Old Virginny

CHARACTERS

MABEL, *an artist of modern times.*

PHIL, *an aviator of the same times.*

UNCLE EPHRAIN, *an old darkey of slavery times.*

AUNT CHLOE, *an elderly negress.*

JOHN, *their master.*

HONEY BUNCH

LILLY

ELIZA

PANSY

SLIVERS

RAGS

RACCOON

SMOKE

NICODEMUS

BANJOISTS, *four, or more.*

} *youthful female slaves.*

} *youthful male slaves.*

As the cast of characters is elastic, as many more characters can be used as desired.

TIME.—The present, contrasting with the past.

TIME OF PLAYING.—About thirty minutes.



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PROPERTIES

Banjos for the banjoists. Artist's easel with canvas on it artist's brushes, pallet, etc. ; also stool for MABEL. Long wooden bench.

COSTUMES, ETC.

MABEL. Modern outdoor costume. Very neatly attired.

PHIL. Aviator's togs.

JOHN. Light colored trousers ; long black coat ; large black felt hat. Costumes of the days just preceding the Civil War.

The SLAVES are dressed in almost anything from overalls to old gingham dresses. To give a more natural appearance, the legs should be bared from the knees down and blackened the same as the face and hands. If this is undesirable, stockings of many colors should be worn.

THE CAST

The cast is elastic ; that is, as many more characters can be added as desired. The character playing the part of SLIVERS should be a good clog dancer. UNCLE EPHRAIN should possess a rich and rather low pitched voice. PHIL should possess a good voice if it is desired that he sing, although his singing is optional. If he does not sing, the lines relative to his singing should be omitted. His part can be doubled with that of JOHN.

SONGS

The following songs, which are called for in the following pages, "Old Black Joe," "Listen to the Mocking Bird," "Rosa Lee," "Nicodemus Johnson," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and "De Boatman Dance," are all old plantation songs and can be obtained at any music store or library.

12-10-48

JAN 11 1947

In Old Virginny

SCENE I

SCENE.—*Full stage. Curtain at rear bearing cotton-field scene, if available, although it is not necessary. In first scene the artist's easel and stool are located down R. In second scene the easel and stool are removed and a long wooden bench is placed up L. The third scene is exactly like the first.*

(At rise of curtain MABEL is seated on stool before easel painting. Orchestra plays while curtain rises but stops as soon as curtain is up. Loud crash is heard off stage, L. MABEL registers fright. PHIL tumbles on, head over heels from R. and rolls to MABEL'S feet. MABEL jumps to feet giving a scream.)

MABEL. A man!

PHIL *(sits up and rubs head in dazed manner)*. Thanks for the compliment.

MABEL. My, how you frightened me!

PHIL *(looking upward)*. I was a little frightened myself.

MABEL. But—but where in the world did you come from?

PHIL. From up to down. Just kind of dropped in, you might say.

MABEL. But where were you?

PHIL. I was sailing around in my new aeroplane when it stopped sailing.

MABEL. And you—you descended?

PHIL. I think that's what you call it. Sort of due to gravity, you know. (*Brushes sleeve.*) My, but the roads are dusty up there.

MABEL. Dusty?

PHIL. Fact. That's the reason we wear goggles.

MABEL. How far were you up?

PHIL. About 'steen thousand miles. I was riding along Dairy Lane——

MABEL. Dairy Lane?

PHIL. Yeah, you know. Some people call it the Milky Way.

MABEL. Tell me, is that very large?

PHIL. It used to be, but it's condensed now. Anyway, my propeller got caught on a radio antenna somewhere on Mars and upset the whole works.

MABEL (*sitting*). And you came down?

PHIL. Yeah, I came down all right. That's a proven fact. I'm the evidence.

MABEL. I can hardly believe it. How far did you fall?

PHIL. Let me see; I left Mars a week ago last Tuesday on my return trip. Gee, I've been making pretty fair time, haven't I?

MABEL. You've been going some.

PHIL. You mean, I've been coming some.

MABEL. I'll say you have.

PHIL. But you know I had a flying start. That helped.

MABEL. Poor man!

PHIL. I agree with you. I was going to stop off on my way back and call on Venus. She's an old pal of mine. But the roads were bad and I had to detour. Everywhere you go there are signs up: "Detour. Skies being repaired." But what are you doing?

MABEL. Oh, I'm an artist.

PHIL. A what?

MABEL. An artist. I paint.

PHIL (*referring to her face*). So I see. You picked out a nice subject.

MABEL (*referring to landscape*). Yes, it is beautiful. So nice and green.

PHIL (*looking her over*). I hadn't noticed that.

MABEL. But later when the limbs are bare and covered with snow —

PHIL. Woman, you'll freeze to death!

MABEL. What?

PHIL (*confused by her look*). Oh, yes, yes—you're right; it is beautiful.

MABEL. I just love Nature. It is so real.

PHIL (*rubbing himself, and rising with difficulty*). Yes, real *hard*. Won't you let me see your picture?

MABEL. Why, certainly.

PHIL (*viewing picture*). Wonderful, wonderful. That hump on that camel is perfect.

MABEL. Why, that isn't a camel. That's that hill over there. (*Pointing off stage*.) And down here is a valley.

PHIL. Oh, yes, to be sure. The valley is lower than the hill, isn't it? And that dog there looks so natural.

MABEL. You mean that there. (*Pointing to picture*.) That isn't a dog; that is a tree.

PHIL. I beg your pardon; my mistake. All I noticed was the bark. Isn't it peculiar how easily one will confuse one bird with another? Do you like to paint?

MABEL. Oh, I just love art!

PHIL. Well, if Art doesn't love you, he's crazy.

MABEL. What?

PHIL. What I meant to say was, have you been painting very long?

MABEL. All my life.

PHIL. And still you don't get discouraged?

MABEL. Discouraged?

PHIL. No, not discouraged. Monotonous—that's the word—monotonous. Don't it ever get monotonous?

MABEL. I should say not. You see, I studied abroad for awhile.

PHIL. I studied a broad once but I couldn't learn anything about her.

MABEL. I don't understand.

PHIL. I know; they're hard to understand.

MABEL. What are hard to understand?

PHIL. Girls, women, females!

MABEL. Oh! are they?

PHIL. Yes.

MABEL. Are you married?

PHIL. No, I look this way on account of the fall.

MABEL. And weren't you ever in love?

PHIL. No, you are the only one I ever fell for.

MABEL (*innocently*). You fell for me?

PHIL. Fell? I literally tumbled, as it were—dropped—came down—descended—flopped!

MABEL. But where is your machine?

PHIL. Oh, we parted company right near the handle of the big dipper. The dipper turned upside down and I spilt.

MABEL. And you fell all the rest of the way alone?

PHIL. Quite alone, I assure you. I had quite a come-down.

MABEL. But—but didn't you hurt yourself?

PHIL (*dramatically*). Are we alone?

MABEL (*puzzled*). Yes.

PHIL. Then I will tell you something confidentially.

MABEL. Yes?

PHIL. I came down on my reputation.

MABEL (*covering her face with her hands*). Oh!

PHIL (*sadly*). But I will never be able to fly again.

MABEL. It has shattered your nerves so?

PHIL. No, but when I fell I broke my contract.

MABEL. Oh, how terrible! They say that when one is falling one thinks of all the evils of one's past. Tell me, what were your thoughts while you were falling?

PHIL. Please, lady, I want to keep you as a friend. Let bygones be gone by.

MABEL. You say you came down on your reputation?

PHIL. Yes.

MABEL. Is that the reason you lit so hard?

PHIL (*business*). Oh, boy! Let's change the subject. Do you paint portraits?

MABEL. Occasionally.

PHIL. Will you paint mine?

MABEL. Why the—the fact is, I've never tried my hand at cartooning.

PHIL (*business*). Zowie! Then you don't love me?

MABEL (*surprised*). What are you saying?

PHIL. I asked you if you loved me?

MABEL. Why, I've known you such a short time.

PHIL. That's one thing in my favor. Perhaps you could learn to love me.

MABEL. Learning depends a lot on the teacher one has.

PHIL. I'm a wonderful teacher.

MABEL. Is that so?

PHIL. Oh, yes. I've taught lots of girls—er—er—no, I haven't! That's a lie! I never did! Honest I didn't! Honest, cross my heart, hope to ——

MABEL. Why are you apologizing?

PHIL. I—er—ain't apologizing. That's just a little song I know. We were talking about love, weren't we?

MABEL. What is love?

PHIL. Don't you know?

MABEL. I don't think I do.

PHIL. Why, love is—that is, love just is, that's all.

MABEL. That is very inexplicit, coming as it does from a teacher.

PHIL. Well, love is that something which is not—which is not—that is, until it is, and then—then because it is—why, it is, that's all.

MABEL. I never heard it explained in that way before.

PHIL. Neither did I. It's a new way, you know. Yes, it is. But come, say you love me and we will fly away together.

MABEL (*laughing*). How? You lost your machine.

PHIL. Dog-gone it! You're right. But we will fly away on the wings of love, and live on the moonbeams and the light of the stars.

MABEL (*laughing*). Doesn't sound very practical. An apartment, some bread and potatoes would be more substantial.

PHIL. Ah, then you won't marry me?

MABEL. Why should I?

PHIL. Because I love you.

(Orchestra plays and PHIL sings a modern love song to her. She sits on stool during song. At finish of song PHIL rises to feet and takes her hands. She gently pushes him away and he sits at her feet.)

MABEL. You sing well, but your singing reminds me of the coal fields up north.

PHIL. How so?

MABEL. There were so many minors struck.

PHIL *(laughs heartily)*. You win. Say, do you know that long fall down through the atmosphere has made me sleepy?

MABEL. You might say that you nearly fell asleep.

PHIL *(looking around)*. Say, where am I, anyway?

MABEL. Virginia.

PHIL. What?

MABEL. You're in Virginia. Don't you even know what state you are in?

PHIL. Well, I know a few minutes ago I was in a state of excitement. Gee, I'm getting sleepy. *(Yawns.)* So this is Virginia?

(Head nods. Orchestra plays "Dixie" very softly while MABEL recites.)

MABEL.

Yes, my friend, you're in ole Virginny;
The state I'll ne'er outgrow—
The land of cotton, that will ne'er be forgotten—
As the home of Old Black Joe.
Where'er I go, where'er I roam,
There is always that longing to come back home
To the fields of summer snow.

(PHIL's head nods sleepily.)

Look away, *(Points off.)* look away
To those fields of snowy white;
Those wond'rous scenes that will e'er delight

The artist's eye, my friend,
Where snowy white just seems to blend
With Nature's hues; a scene no writer ever
penned.

This is my home, and oftentimes
In the evenings, dear old dad
Will tell me tales of this old plantation
When he was just a lad.

He brings up pictures of the past—
Some pictures gay, some pictures gray,
Where roses bloomed amidst the thorns—
The thorn of toil, and the rose of play.
He tells me of the evenings when
The big round moon would cast its light,
And the colored folks would gather
By these fields of snowy white,
And sing their songs and dance and play
Their old banjos, and in their home-made jollities
Would forget the cares that infest the day.

He tells of good old Ephrain
Who used to sit and croon
While the young folks sang and capered
'Neath the big round Southern moon.
And from these tales that daddy tells
I can see them dancing to and fro
In the evening by the moonlight,
Long, long ago.

(Orchestra glides off into an appropriate song of the old South of which MABEL sings chorus only. During the singing PHIL falls fast asleep. At finish of song all lights go out leaving stage in total darkness. MABEL and PHIL quickly exeunt, taking easel, stool, etc., with them. The long bench is placed up L. and EPHRAIN lies on it asleep. Lights come on.)

END OF SCENE I

SCENE II

SCENE.—*Moon effect if available. Many voices heard off stage, talking and laughing, and coming nearer. HONEYBUNCH runs on laughing from R., chased by SLIVERS. HONEYBUNCH sees EPHRAIN and stops, motions SLIVERS not to make any noise. Others off stage talking and laughing loudly. As they enter HONEYBUNCH and SLIVERS motion them to be quiet and point to EPHRAIN. Those entering are: RAGS, RACCOON, SMOKE, LILLY, ELIZA, PANSY, and any others that might be added to the cast. They all form in half circle about EPHRAIN, and give a yell. EPHRAIN quickly comes to sitting posture and rubs eyes. Sees them and laughs.)*

EPHRAIN. Mah, mah, chil'ren, yo' done skeered dis po' ole niggah 'most to death. What yo'uns all mean wakin' ole Ephrain up dis time ob night?

HONEYBUNCH. Come now, Uncle Eph, yo' is all too young to go asleep so airy in de ebenin'.

EPHRAIN. I'se too young, chile? Mah goodness, doan yo' know I'se gwine on a hun'erd yeahs ole?

SLIVERS. Aw, Uncle Eph, yo' ain't gwine on a hun'erd yeahs ole, be yo'?

EPHRAIN. Yaas, mah boy, I is. I'se gwine on a hun'erd yeahs ole, but Ah got quite a long ways to go yit. *(They all laugh.)* What all yo' folks doin' ober heah dis ebenin'?

RAGS. We is gwine to hab a party.

EPHRAIN. A party? Now ain't dat fine? Yo' young folks jes' go right ahaid an' hab yo' jub'lees an' all de fun yo' kin, bekase some ob dese days yo' is gwine to be ole like yo' Uncle Ephrain an' den ef yo' ain't got no rabbit foot yo' is gwine to git all twisted up wid rheum'tics.

RACCOON. Yo' sho' got to git dat rheum'tics outen yo' dis ebenin', Uncle Eph, 'kase dis jub'lee is all fo' yo'.

EPHRAIN. What's dat yo' is tellin' me? Dis jub'lee am fo' me?

RACCOON. Dat am a fac', Uncle Eph. We jes' foun' out from Auntie Chloe dat dis am yo' birfday, an' we'uns jes' comed ober to help yo' 'member it.

EPHRAIN. Mah goodness, it sho' do make dis ole niggah feel good to hab yo' young folks 'member him. (*Wipes eyes on sleeve.*) Jes' kinda makes de eyes a little wet. Is yo' chil'ren gwine to sing somefing fo' de ole man now sense yo' is all heah?

SMOKE. Course we is, Uncle Eph. We is gwine to sing an' we is gwine to dance an' we is gwine to do anyfing yo' all wants us'uns to do. (*To others.*) Ain't we'uns?

ALL. We is.

EPHRAIN. Ef yo' is all gwine to do anyfing Ah wants yo' to do, Ah'd like a pow'ful heap to heah yo' boys pick some ob de dust offen dose banjos a little. Mah hands am gittin' too stiff fo' to do it mahself.

(The BANJOISTS arrange themselves near EPHRAIN and play some lively old plantation piece. Others clap hands and keep time with feet to music. Dance around and keep things alive in general. EPHRAIN enjoys the music very much and keeps time clumsily with feet and hands. At finish of piece one banjoist steps down stage a ways and plays another air while SLIVERS takes front stage and dances in fast snappy steps, the other BANJOISTS joining in. At finish SLIVERS and BANJOISTS drop back while others applaud.)

SLIVERS. How's dat, Uncle Eph?

EPHRAIN. Boy, yo' sho' did kick holes in de air. I'se beginnin' to feel kinda young mahself.

LILLY. We'd all like mighty much to heah yo'-all sing, Uncle Eph.

EPHRAIN. Sho' now, chile, dis ole niggah done got a voice like a cotton gin.

LILLY. Yo' kin sing good, Uncle Eph, 'kase Ah done

heered yo' all singin' t'day when yo' was a-pickin' cotton.

HONEYBUNCH. Dere ain't no ways ob gittin' outen it, Uncle Eph. .YQ, jes' got to sing.

EPHRAIN. Yo' is all so good to de ole man dat Ah's gwine to sing jes' fo' to please yo'.

(Orchestra plays. EPHRAIN hobbles toward center a ways and sings "Old Black Joe." Others divide evenly on either side of EPHRAIN and swing side-wise in time to music. If a quartette is in the company they may join in on chorus. At finish they all drop back while EPHRAIN resumes bench.)

RACCOON. Yo' is a fibber, Uncle Eph, an' yo' is neber gwine to Heaben when yo' dies.

EPHRAIN. Ah ain't gwine to Heaben when Ah dies? I'se tried pow'ful hard to be a good niggah, an' Ah sho' hopes Ah passes frow de Gol'en Gates. What fo' yo' finks Ah ain't gwine to Heaben?

RACCOON. 'Kase yo' fibbed. Yo' done said yo' couldn't sing an' yo' kin.

EPHRAIN. Kain't sing like Ah use to could, chile. Froat feels kinda shaky an' full ob cobwebs. Does Massa John all know dat yo'uns is down heah dis ebenin'?

ELIZA. He sho' do, Uncle Eph. He done asked us'uns whar we'uns was all a-gwine an' we'uns tol' him dat dis am yo' birfday. Den he done said, "Am dat a fac'?" An' we'uns said, "Dat am a fac'." Den he jes' laugh and say, "Yo'uns jes' go an' hab a good time." An' we'uns did.

EPHRAIN. Massa John am a pow'ful good massa to us po' niggahs. Yo' all kain't fin' any gooder massa den Massa John. Yes, suh, he am mighty good. Ah would a heap like to heah yo' sing, Pansy.

PANSY. Yo' would now, Uncle Eph?

EPHRAIN. Ah sho' would dat. Somefing sweet like de sugar cane an' like de angels singin'.

(Orchestra plays and PANSY goes center and sings "Listen to the Mocking Bird.")

(Solo by PANSY.)

I'm dreaming now of Hallie, sweet Hallie, sweet
Hallie,
I'm dreaming now of Hallie,
For the thought of her is one that never dies;
She's sleeping in the valley, the valley, the valley,
She's sleeping in the valley,
And the mocking bird is singing where she lies.

CHORUS. Listen to the mocking bird,

(Entire company.)

Listen to the mocking bird,
The mocking bird still singing o'er her grave,

(Solo by PANSY.)

Listen to the mocking bird,

Listen to the mocking bird,

(Entire company.)

Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

(They are still singing "Where the Weeping Willows Wave," as she bows and steps back. Immediately the BANJOISTS start off on a lively "peppy" air that gets all the characters swinging or dancing in unison. Music ends with a slam-bang finish. All finish with lively yelling and laughter.)

SMOKE (looking off R.). Heah comes Massa John an' Aunty Chloe.

(All look off. JOHN and CHLOE enter from R.)

ALL. Good-ebenin', Massa John.

JOHN. Good-evening, folks. It appeahs as if you all are having a good time.

HONEYBUNCH. We'uns is that. Yo' ain't gwine to tell us to stop, is yo', Massa John?

JOHN. No, Honeybunch, Ah'm not going to interfere. Fact is, Ah invited mahself to the party. (To EPHRAIN.) How are you, Ephrain?

EPHRAIN. I'se a lot betta, Massa John, a pow'ful lot

betta. Dese young folks done make me feel kind ob young again.

JOHN. Ah invited mahself to your party because Ah got something to say to you, Ephrain.

EPHRAIN (*while all others listen intently*). Yo' done got somefing to say to me, Massa John?

JOHN. Yes, Ephrain. You-all been mah slave for a long time, Ephrain, and Ah'm going to give you a birthday present.

EPHRAIN. Neber got a birfday present in all mah bo'n days afore, Massa John. What yo' all gwine to gib me?

JOHN. Ah'm going to give you your freedom, Ephrain.

EPHRAIN (*surprised*). Yo' is gwine to what?

JOHN. Ah am going to set you free.

EPHRAIN (*pleading*). Please, Massa John, Ephrain doan want to be sot free. Yo' is a pow'ful good massa to us po' niggahs, Massa John, an' Ah jes' wants to be wid yo'. What dis ole niggah gwine to do ef he am sot free? He ain't got no home to go to an'—please, Massa John, doan ——

JOHN. You misunderstand me, Ephrain. This is what Ah mean. You have been with me a long time and you've always been a good niggah. You're getting old now and you need some rest. When Ah say Ah'm going to set you free, Ah mean Ah'm going to set you free from work. This old plantation will be your home, Ephrain, as long as you want to stay, but from now on all you'll have to do is eat and lay around in the shade and forget all about working.

EPHRAIN (*kneeling and taking JOHN's hand*). Massa John, Massa John ——

JOHN (*laughing*). That's all right, Ephrain. Get up now and go on with the jubilee. (*All give a wild happy "Whoopee!"*) Good-night, everybody. [*Exits R.*

ALL (*waving hands off R.*). Good-night, Massa John.

EPHRAIN (*half to himself*). Pow'ful good massa, yes, indeedie. Ain't he, Auntie Chloe?

CHLOE. He's sweeter den de sugar cane.

(BANJOISTS play "*Rosa Lee*." All give a "*whoop*" and CHLOE takes center and sings.)

(Solo by CHLOE.)

When I lib'd in Tennessee,

(Entire company.)

Uliali olae,

(Solo by CHLOE.)

I went courtin' Rosa Lee,

(Entire company.)

Uliali olae,

(Solo by CHLOE.)

Eyes as dark as winter night,

Lips as red as berries bright;

When first I did her wooing go,

She said, "Now don't be foolish, Joe,"

(Entire company.)

Uliali olae,

Courtin' down in Tennessee,

Uliali olae,

'Neath de wild banana tree.

(Company sings second verse and chorus while CHLOE dances back and forth down stage. At finish of song CHLOE stops dancing, all out of breath, bows and sits on bench with EPHRAIN.)

CHLOE. Mah, mah; dat jumpin' 'round done gib me de heaves like a mule.

EPHRAIN. Yo' feets am big as cotton baskets, Aunt Chloe, but yo' kin sho' push dem aroun'.

CHLOE (*indignantly*). Am dat a fac'? Mah feets am jes' de right size fo' me, so dey am! (*To NICODEMUS.*) Look heah, Nicodemus, Ah done come cleah down heah to heah yo' all sing dat song yo' was a-singin' down in de co'n field t'other day.

NICODEMUS. Kain't do much singin' dis ebenin', Aunt Chloe.

CHLOE. What's de matta, Nicodemus?

NICODEMUS. Done hab a arg'a'ment wid a bum'le bee.

CHLOE. Mah, mah, chile, did yo' done git stung?

NICODEMUS. Wall, dat bum'le bee done sit down an' push pow'ful hard.

HONEYBUNCH. Whar dat bum'le bee stung yo', Nicodemus?

NICODEMUS. Right back ob de cotton gin.

(Orchestra immediately starts playing "Nicodemus Johnson," and NICODEMUS takes center and sings.)

(Solo by NICODEMUS.)

I've just arrived in town to-day,
And here I is before you,
To sing about mah name and occupation;
I come from old Virginny state,
De best in all de nation.

(Entire company.)

O-ho! O-ho! To Nicodemus Johnson.

(At finish of song NICODEMUS steps back and BANJOISTS play a jig tune. SLIVERS takes center and dances. UNCLE EPHRAIN hobbles to R. and dances clumsily while AUNT CHLOE goes to L. and dances. They dance toward one another and then back while SLIVERS dances backward and forward between them. At finish SLIVERS drops back. CHLOE, all out of breath, sits on bench. EPHRAIN rubs knees.)

EPHRAIN. Mah goodness, dat rheum'tics am always pokin' its nose 'round whar it ain't got no business.

(Orchestra plays "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and EPHRAIN takes center and sings.)

(Solo by EPHRAIN.)

Swing low, sweet chariot,

(Entire company.)

Coming for to carry me home.

(Solo by EPHRAIN.)

Swing low, sweet chariot,

(*Entire company.*)
 Coming for to carry me home.
 (*Solo by EPHRAIN.*)
 I looked over Jordan, and what did I see,
 (*Entire company.*)
 Coming for to carry me home?
 (*Solo by EPHRAIN.*)
 A band of angels coming after me,
 (*Entire company.*)
 Coming for to carry me home.

(*Other verses should be sung in like manner, leaving last verse for encore. At finish EPHRAIN resumes bench.*)

CHLOE. Reckon ef yo' chil'ren am gwine to pick any cotton fo' Massa John to-morrer yo' all betta be gittin' to bed.

SMOKE. Massa John done said fo' we'uns to hab all de fun dat we wants.

CHLOE. Ob cou'se he did. Massa John's a good massa. But how yo' all 'spects him to feed dem big obergrown moufs ob yourn ef he doan git no cotton to sell, huh?

RACCOON. We is gwine in a minute. (*To BANJOISTS.*) Wiggle dem banjo strings, yo' good-fo'-nothin' cotton picks's.

(*BANJOISTS go center and play "De Boatman Dance." One of the other members sings solo.*)

(*Solo.*)
 De boatman dance, de boatman sing,
 (*Entire company.*)
 De boatman up to eberyting;
 (*Solo.*)
 And when de boatman get on de shore,
 He spend his cash and work for more.
 (*Entire company.*)
 Dance, de boatman dance,
 Oh, dance, de boatman dance;

(*Solo.*)

Oh, dance all night till broad daylight
And go home wid de gals in de morning.

(*Entire company.*)

Hi, ho, de boatman row,
Floating down de ribber on de O-hi-o.

(SOLOIST sings next verse in like manner while SLIVERS dances back and forth in front of them. The chorus is then repeated, the orchestra joining in with the BANJOISTS. Company drops back a little and dances very enthusiastically, giving an occasional "Whoopee!" On the last notes of the song the curtain drops very quickly.)

CURTAIN

SCENE III

SCENE.—*The stage has been quickly cleared. Bench has been removed. PHIL and MABEL have taken up same positions with easel and stool as in first scene.*

(*As the curtain rises MABEL looks at PHIL who is still asleep. Loud peal of thunder and flash of lightning off stage. MABEL registers fright. Shakes PHIL. He awakens and rubs eyes.*)

MABEL. Quick! there is a storm coming up.

PHIL (*sleepily*). Up where?

MABEL. It's going to rain!

PHIL (*quickly rises to his feet, grabs up stool and easel*). My gosh! and I left my bedroom window open.

(*They quickly exeunt L.*)

QUICK CURTAIN

BAKER'S PLAYS OF DISTINCTION

BACK HOME AGAIN. Comedy in Three Acts. By Clara B. Orwig. 4 m., 3 w. Scene, 2 easy ints. Plays a full evening. Roger Sheldon, juvenile lead, returns to his old home in Oldport, to settle his grandfather's estate. Contrary to prevailing opinion, the old gentleman seems to have left but a small estate and this is bequeathed to young Roger along with a deathbed note: "Remember the S. D." The unraveling of the mystery centering around this message makes one of the best acting plays of the year. There are rich possibilities for character work in the persons of Phineas Gardner, a shyster lawyer; his wife, a meek old lady; Jerusha Bascom, the Sheldon housekeeper; Seth Pittman, an old cabinet maker; and the auctioneer who has a small part but a good one. The pretty love story of Marcia Bartlett (leading woman) and Roger, runs trippingly through the plot and permeates the play with the freshness of a day in June. Here is a play of professional worth but written with the needs of amateurs fully in mind. Royalty, \$10.00. **Price, 50 Cents.**

SUNSHINE. A Comedy in Three Acts. By Walter Ben Hare. 4 m., 7 w. Scene, a simple ex., easily arranged with a small lot of potted plants and rustic furniture. The story leads the audience a merry chase from snappy farce to real drama with just a flavor of the melodramatic which modern audiences find so pleasing. Here we find a great character part in a popular baseball hero who succeeds in making a "home run" in more ways than one, a wonderful leading lady rôle in the part of Mary, a hypochondriac who finds his medicine most pleasant to the taste, an old maid who mourns the loss of her parrot and a pert little girl with an exuberance of spirit that will keep the audience on its mettle. The Major is a character of great possibilities and in the hands of a capable actor much can be made of it. We cannot recommend too highly this play written by an author with scores of successes behind him and not a single failure. Royalty, \$10.00. **Price, 50 Cents.**

BAKER'S PLAYS OF DISTINCTION

THE HEART OF MAINE. In Three Acts. By Gladys Ruth Bridgham. 6 m., 7 w. 2 easy interior sets. Plays 2 hours. A picturesque story of the Maine woods. Jonathan Blair is about to put through a deal by which his lumber business becomes one of the largest in the country. The son of a former enemy and business rival claims the land which controls the Tuscgo stream by which Jonathan gets his lumber out. Jonathan's daughter, Mehitable, in her youth was secretly married to his rival. Through fear of her father, she gives her infant son to her sister-in-law, Marie. Marie's husband dies and because of her hatred of the family she takes the boy away and brings him up as her own son. By the terms of the will, the boy was to inherit an interest in Jonathan's business if when eighteen years old he would place himself in his grandfather's hands for three years. On his eighteenth birthday, Marie brings him home and a clash ensues between the very modern youth and his grandfather who lives in the past. The boy proves to be the owner of the land which controls the Tuscgo Stream, thus saving his grandfather's business. In the end he wins his way to the old man's heart and is restored to the mother who has been deprived of her son for eighteen years. Royalty, \$10.00. **Price, 35 Cents.**

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND. Farce in Three Acts. By J. C. McMullen. 5 m., 5 w. Scenery, a single easy int. Plays a full evening. Royalty, \$10.00. Tom Denker and Bob Mills, trying to break into New York, have reached the point where their furniture consists of soap boxes, their diet what they can steal from the dog's milk and the parrot's cracker, and where one suit between them is the best they can do. How they climbed out of these social depths and what side-splitting complications arose from their efforts to do so form the plot of a mighty funny play which provides ten parts of about equal opportunity and is as easy to produce as it is effective. Especially for high school performance. **Price, 35 Cents.**

BAKER'S PLAYS OF DISTINCTION

CHEER UP. A Comedy of Inspiration in Three Acts. By Walter Ben Hare. 6 m., 9 w. characters with a group of children. Scenery, 2 easy ints., or 1 int. and one farm-yard. Although there is no sentimental love interest in the play, it is replete with comedy and dramatic situations and tells a story that is lovable, humorous, whimsical and uplifting. The trials of the little orphan whose baby charge is adopted by a wealthy lady appeal to every audience and the comical vagaries of the man-hating cook and the woman-hating yard-man who is too lazy to breathe will cause gales of laughter. The play is a novelty as most of the important rôles are played by boys and girls, or by children impersonators, making it an ideal offering for expression schools, Sunday Schools, and High Schools. Mulligan is a great part for a character comedian, but the other male rôles are relatively short and easy to play. Annie, the little orphan, is a star rôle worthy the talents of a Mary Pickford, and Sarah Upshot, the pert little Sue, who longs for "leming pie," Aunt Mary and Miss Stone are exceptionally well-defined characters. Royalty, \$10.00. **Price, 50 Cents.**

GOOD-EVENING, CLARICE. By J. C. McMullen. A Farce Comedy in Three Acts. 5 m., 6 w. Playing time, approximately, 2 hours. Costumes of the present day. Scene, a single int. Annette Franklin, a jealous wife, has been raising a little domestic war over her husband's supposed infatuation for a noted dancer, Clarice de Mauree. How Annette was proven wrong in her supposition, cured of her jealousy, and found her long-lost parents, makes a comedy which, while easy of production, proves very effective in the presentation. The part of Clarice, the dancer, gives the opportunity for an excellent female character lead. All of the other parts are of equal importance and the situations fairly radiate comedy and swift moving action. Royalty, \$10.00 for the first and \$5.00 for each subsequent performance. **Price, 50 Cents.**

BAKER'S PLAYS OF DISTINCTION

A COUPLE OF MILLION. Comedy in Four Acts. By W. B. Hare. 6 m., 5 w. Scenery, 2 ints. and an ex. Plays a full evening. Royalty, \$10.00. Bemis Bennington is left two million dollars by his uncle on condition that he shall live for one year in a town of less than five thousand inhabitants and during that period marry and earn without other assistance than his own industry and ability the sum of five thousand dollars. Failing to accomplish this the money goes to one Professor Noah Jabb. This is done despite the energetic opposition of Jabb, who puts up a very interesting fight. Plenty of good comedy and a great variety of good parts, full of opportunity. **Price, 35 Cents.**

EXPRESSING WILLIE. A Comedy in Three Acts. By Rachel Crothers. 6 m., 5 w. 2 easy interior sets. Plays a full evening. Here is a play pronounced by most critics as one of the best offerings of the 1924 season in New York. It ran continuously for ten months on Broadway, and three road companies are now touring the United States with it. One reviewer says: "It is a penetrating and comic play." Another: "Seriously, play and performance were of the finest texture." A third: "She (Miss Crothers) has written a charming and exquisite comedy which has a potent appeal to the agile witted." There are scores of such commendations but why go on? "The play's the thing." The plot is written with the skill of an author who understands human nature, a keen satirist, and above all a dramatist born and bred. It is a comedy to satisfy the fastidious. Miss Crothers takes a shrewd, gentle, but distinct rap at some of the foolish foibles of the supersatisfied and self-exploiting coterie easily recognized and skillfully parodied. It would be unfair in this brief description to give away the idea of the plot. To prospective producers the title itself has a tremendous advertising value. It is now for the first time released for amateur and Little Theatre production under the reduced Royalty of \$25.00 for each showing.

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NEW PLAYS AND BOOKS

— Season 1925 —

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